

T H E
P H I L O S O P H E R

I N
B R I S T O L.

PART the SECOND.

————— *Laudatur ab his, --- culpatur ab illis.*
————— *quod magis ad nos*
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus : Utrumne
Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati? ---HOR.

B R I S T O L :

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M, DCC, LXXV.

THE 1020 TRIP

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To
The Inhabitants of *Bristol*,
Who
have distinguished, by their Favour,
The former part of these observations,
This continuation of them
is
dedicated,
with the greatest respect,
by
The AUTHOR.

The Language of Angels

Who

have distinguished by their Favours

The former part of these observations

This continuation of them

is

dedicated

with the greatest respect

to the Author

T H E
P H I L O S O P H E R
I N
B R I S T O L.

IT is the declaration of a very eminent character among the antients, that the pleasure he received from the praises of all the best and most illustrious of his fellow-citizens and countrymen, had been much diminished by the public disapprobation of an individual Plebeian.—

To

To aim at universal applause is, I hope, to aim at universal merit : but, after all, the attempt is vain and fruitless:-----for while there are bad men in the world, the good will meet with opposition ;—while vice has a place in the human heart, merit will be followed by the persecutions of envy ; and while ignorance and prejudice prevail, the benevolent designs of the moralist and the philosopher will be liable to the most idle perversions and the most contradictory misinterpretations.—To deserve the praise of all men by a life of strict integrity, disinterested benevolence, and uncorrupted virtue, may be the lot of many :—but, in this world, to deserve, is not always to obtain ; and he who rests his happiness upon the acquisition of an universal, lasting applause, discovers a weakness

ness of mind and an ignorance of human nature, which proves the trifling claim he has to the least share of it.—How often does popular fame arise from the most trivial and shadowy exploits; which, catching a little glare and splendor from casual circumstances and events, or coinciding with the reigning prejudice of the vulgar, receive the acclamations of a day, and are forgotten.—It is the babbling tell-tale of human infirmity; and he who is a slave to it, is bound by chains, whose form and shape are hourly changed by the caprice and inconstancy of the giddy multitude.—The man who aspires to the praise of the good and virtuous, as the first of all human honours, whatever may be his situation and employment in life, is engaged in the right exercise of those talents

talents with which he has been favoured by a benignant providence.---As for myself,--I do not commit, I trust, a single thought to my paper without some view of this nature:--and there will not be a page in this book, however trifling and insignificant it may appear, but will be written with the hopes of its being honoured with the applausive smile,---or 'bedew'd with the sympathizing tear of some favourite character.---It is this pleasing idea which has so often prolonged my midnight vigils,--and fixed me, as it were, to my writing-table 'till the blushing Horizon warned me to my repose.---

---Yes, my Honorius, the wish to deserve thy praise is an ambition which tells me I am worthy of it!--and when my
pen

pen is busy in defending the rights of my fellow-creatures,—in opposing the strides of vice and immorality,—or is, in any manner engaged in the cause and service of virtue, then, my friend, I look to thee;—and govern myself by those rules and precepts which will secure me your approbation;—and having obtained it, the judgement of those who resemble you will associate itself with yours.—Animated with the support of such an honourable and steady phalanx,—and conscious of the testimony which they will bear to me and my works,—the loud laugh of folly,—the low abuse of ignorance, and the taunting scoff of envy will never reach me.

—And when I dwell upon the miseries of life, or lament the sorrows of calamitous
virtue ;--

virtue;—when some tender tale of distress calls upon my feeble pen for description, —If my Amanda should heave a sigh, if the brightest eye should drop a tear!—if thy heart, thou most lovely of thy sex, and hearts like thine, should be affected by my story!—if I could, but for a moment, possess those keys which unlock that sacred treasury of virtuous and tender sentiments; —Oh heavens!—how little should I envy the most celebrated names!—with Amanda's praise, my fame would be complete,—and my ambition would be without a wish :—while heroes might possess their renown,—and monarchs their greatness unenvied,---nay pitied, by me---

—It was last Wednesday evening, when I was sauntering through the beautiful
fields

fields which surround and adorn the village of *Ashton*, and revolving these thoughts in my mind, that I accidentally met *Eugenius*,—who very obligingly proposed to take his evening walk with me.—Our conversation immediately took its rise from the subject of my contemplation,—and we were about to consider the nature of fame, the true means of attaining it, and the interests of particular persons in the pursuit and enjoyment of it;—when we were interrupted by a very loud repetition of the two following lines :

Say shall I then to future times pretend,
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and
 friend !

—I turned

---I turned round to see from whence the voice proceeded, when I beheld Honorius coming towards us,---with Honoria leaning upon his arm.-----

My good fortune, for I ever think that prevails when I meet them, had directed this amiable pair into the same field with myself.---I am afraid, said Honoria, as we drew near to each other, that you did not hear the fine, romantic exclamation which broke forth from your friend, and was particularly addressed to you: upon my word, my dear Madam, I did;---and I thank him for it:---but tho' I have not a sufficient degree of vanity to claim the two former characters which he has, merrily, applied to me;----yet in justice to the sincerity and affections of my heart, I must

must declare, 'that no one has a better
 right to the latter than myself.—And if
 my name, should, perchance, outlive me;
 —if it should be permitted to travel a few
 years among posterity,—I do not wish to
 be known under a better title or character
 than the friend of Honorius.—I shall be
 more than satisfied with the light which
 may be reflected upon me from his
 luminous virtue; which, as it has irradiated
 his own times, will, I doubt not, continue
 its brightness to future ages.—Indeed,
 said Eugenius hastily,----fame was the
 subject of our conversation when Honorius
 so kindly appeared as an example of one
 who possesses it without a blemish.---And
 what can add so much to the satisfaction of
 this evening as his indulging us with his
 sentiments upon it?—I mean as to
 the

the nature of fame,---the best means of attaining it,—and how to derive a genuine satisfaction from it.——Indeed, said Honoria, I must beg leave to interfere in this business.——We were invited forth by the charms and beauties of the evening, —and I do beseech you to wave a conversation which will blind your eyes to them all.—When we are returned home, I shall be glad to be a silent partaker of the knowledge and improvement which will flow from your enquiry;—but, at present, do, I pray you, let your eyes dwell upon the verdure of these meadows, the stately trees that adorn them,—the richness of their foliage and their venerable antiquity.—Behold those stupendous rocks cloathed in the rough livery of nature, while the setting sun sheds its last rays upon their cragged points!——

points!——The Nightingale too comes to aid me in my purpose,—and woos you to turn your attention from the voice of fame, and to listen to her more harmonious song.——It is, at all events, necessary to my happiness, said Honorius, that I should think this fair lady ever in the right:—but I have not any occasion, thank heaven, to call fancy to my assistance in this disposition,—for, it is my boast that she is so: and to such an indolent being as I am, added he, you cannot conceive how much pain, doubt and solicitude she saves my heart by taking upon herself the trouble of directing it. —I no longer guide the vessel;—I have consigned the helm to her care, and since she has governed it, I have not been led into any one of those many errors, nor

B

blown

blown away by any of those gusts of passion and folly, which used so continually to prevail in my early life.——Ah! replied Honoria, shaking her head and half smiling at the same time,—the little merit which I possess, arises from my being acquainted with your dispositions, and having a real knowledge of your character; the study whereof I have considered as my first duty,—and experienced as my greatest happiness.—Thus, my Honorius, I have learned to know what, in almost every circumstance of life, you would wish to have, or to do, and I take care, as much as possible, to anticipate your wishes.——And when, from the easiness of your temper, you are upon the very brink of doing something which I know, in the end, will prove unpleasant

and

and disagreeable to you;—I step in, present you with a view of the consequences sketched by myself,—and after you have examined it with due attention,—I remain satisfied with your determination whatever it may be.—This is the real truth of the matter;—I never guide nor direct Honorius;—it would be walking out of the line whereby I have always wished to circumscribe my conduct as a wife, to attempt it:—but, if from my perfect knowledge of his character, I can induce him to do any thing without the trouble of thought and reasoning, which, I am certain, would be the result of both, I cannot be accused of assuming a province which does not belong to me:—on the contrary, I am in the actual discharge of my duty, by endeavouring to lessen the

cares of that being, to whom I owe my best affections and most tender regards.— Thus by knowing, I hope that I may say, at all times, what are his wishes, and what would be his commands, I use my utmost endeavours to prevent him from declaring either the one or the other by an anticipating accommodation to them both.— She now rested her hand within her husband's arm, and he, pressing it to his side, cast a look of virtuous triumph at me, which, while it marked his own happiness, bore, in every gleam of it, an universal wish for the happiness of others.

—Within these few minutes, Madam, said I, you called my attention to the inanimate beauties of nature:—but you have now given me such a picture of it's intellectual

intellectual charms, that the setting sun seems to lose all its glow, and these objects around me appear little on the comparison.

--We soon drew near to the Ferry ; and, the boat being ready to receive us, we were quickly landed on the other side of the river, and proceeded immediately to Honorius's lodgings.—Now, my good friends, said Honoria, as she untied her cloak,—you will not, I assure you, receive any further interruption from me.—I may not, indeed, be quite free from my usual impertinence, but your candour must excuse it.—For if I do not understand you, I shall, most assuredly take the liberty of desiring you to be intelligible.

—We all smiled at this little stroke of vivacity,—and entered at once upon the subject which had been proposed for our evening's conversation.—

The

The Conversation.

Eugenius. **I** Mean to apply for certain information, Honorius, when I have recourse to you upon the subject of fame:—You have sought it, you have acquired, and now possess it.—In my general reflections upon this matter I have often thought that it was not worth the pursuit: and when I had calmly considered the characters and lives of those men who have possessed the greatest share of it,—all its allurements vanished in a moment,—and I beheld my own obscurity with real delight and satisfaction.—But when I reflect upon the fair reputation which my friend enjoys, when
I behold

I behold it raised upon the broad base of virtue, when I see no unfriendly passion indulged in the pursuit of it,—no vanity attend its first attainment, and no false pride mingle with the continued and uninterrupted possession of it:—When I behold your works admired by youth, applauded by manhood, and approved even by old-age; I feel a sudden emulative desire spring up in my mind to pursue and attain it.—For tho' it is not my particular wish or ambition to enjoy its public honours, yet I ardently desire to bear about me the consciousness of deserving them.

Honorius. I know, my friend, that you love me too well to flatter me:—but you have thrown a lustre 'round
my

my character that I never felt; and which dwells alone, I believe, in your partial affection.—If I possess any small share of fame,—it must have been acquired by other means than those which are generally exercised in this pursuit. I have never flattered the Goddess;—I have never placed any adulatory offerings upon her altar;—but by enlisting my talents in the cause of virtue and humanity, I was resolved, in my humble sphere of life, to obtain the favourable opinion and kind regards of good and virtuous men.—My cause has been, if I have fulfilled my own designs, the cause of truth.—To lead my fellow-creatures to the knowledge of this great and important object by displaying its charms and beauties, has
been

been the honest aim of my life and writings.

—There is no situation in this world which raises a man to such an high degree of elevation with himself, as when he is employed in the investigation of truth.—He is then engaged in a cause which, disdaining Sophistry and Quibble,—requires no aid but from his own unbiaſſed reason, and wherein he can have no enemies but such as a wise person would not wish to rank among his friends ;—the enemies of truth.—

—The man who by his writings or his eloquence dispels the mists of error,—checks the torrent of passion, and opposes with dauntless courage the efforts of vice,
is

is the most illustrious among the children of men.—He is, as it were, a sun to the moral world, by dissipating those clouds which obscure its charms,—and bringing it forth with new and commanding beauty. In this career, he is superior to every attack with which envy and malevolence may endeavour to annoy him. He derives his merit with himself,—with others, and with heaven, from his steady and unwavering progress in his just and useful enquiries.—If, in the course of them, it is necessary to condemn the vicious, he condemns them without fear.—If the sordid and uncharitable character comes within the circle of his observation, he spares him not;—he marks him for the contempt and wretchedness which he deserves, nor dreads his anger or his revenge.—And
when

when they who feel his scourge and smart beneath its lash, revolt against his power, and load him with falsehood and opprobrium,—he pities and forgives them.—Conscious of his own integrity, he is superior to the most inveterate malice,—and feels himself, as it were, in the situation of Rome's victorious heroes, who, crowned with honour and renown, regarded not, with the most transient attention, the satires and invectives which envy and malevolence were at liberty to utter on the day of triumph.—Altho' it is his duty to censure those errors which Truth holds forth to punishment,—yet he loves to turn from the dreary scene of human frailty, where verdure never quickens nor flowerets grow, to the fair and lovely prospect of Virtue, where his eye may dwell on luxu-
riant

riant beauty, and all is praise and admiration.—But while he is compelled to expose general villainy, while he paints in the most bold and lively colours the pernicious effects and woeful consequences of excessive passions, he disdains personal reflections.—It is not his province to mark particular characters with ignominy:—He accuses the vice at large, and leaves its particular votaries to accuse themselves.—He is the enemy of no man!—He loves all men!—and will be loved by all but the foes of truth.

—This character, my *Eugenius*, will possess the most desirable reputation.—because the praise which it will receive from others will be confirmed by his own heart.—The fame of Heroes and
of

of Conquerors,—of those men at whose names the world turned pale,—tho' it may have reached the limits of the habitable globe, vanishes into nothing, in the eye of wisdom, on a comparison with his.—What are the triumphs of the greatest of them, but the triumphs of sorrow, of tears and of death?—The mournful triumphs of the human passions; which have left no traces behind them but the tyranny of the victor and the slavery of the vanquished.—What man, who boasts the feelings of humanity, would wish to bear on his brows the wreath of victory, which is wet with the blood of slaughtered thousands?—Or what pleasure can be derived from those acclamations, whose pauses are filled up with the groans and cries of widows and of orphans,

orphans?—But where is the honest bosom that would not burn with ardour to acquire the reputation of that man, who pursues truth with a desire to instruct and reform mankind, to defeat the purposes of vice, and to strengthen the cause of virtue.—The good and the wise will love and respect him;—the vicious themselves dare not openly to insult him;—his own conscience impresses the stamp of honour upon his actions, and heaven approves the deed.

—An honest fame, my friend, is the best reward this world possesses to bestow on virtue:—for it not only gives honour to life, and administers the most healing consolations to the sorrows of it, —but even extends its influence when
 life

life is no more.—It does not, like other earthly possessions, die with us! —it lives when we are in the tomb,—it hovers over our graves,—it mingles with our dust, and calls on the passenger to reverence the remains of the virtuous, and to imitate their bright example.—

And here I cannot but acknowledge, though some, perhaps, may think it a weakness, that in the progress of those labours which I have given to the world, and that generous ardor after a well-earned fame, which oftentimes gave me strength and aided my flagging resolution,—I was not so insensible to human glory, as not, sometimes, to wish that my name might be enrolled with those who will never die:—and the hope that in future times there might be

be some who, while they read my page, would wish to have known the author of it, has animated me to perseverance.

—Fame, as it is, in general, understood by the world, is obtained without difficulty.—Flatter the vices of the vicious, and they will applaud.—Rashness, by assuming the title and character of courage will acquire it;—and profusion, by taking upon itself the name and appearance of generosity, will be able to collect its croud of followers, and bribe the venal voices of the vulgar into huzzas and acclamation.—But these are short-lived honours, which perish even in their enjoyment;—if it can be called enjoyment, when the

heart contradicts the prostituted approbation.

—That desire of praise, which breaks in upon the pleasures of the self-approving hour, believe me, my Eugenius, is weak or excessive.——When it interests the passions, ruffles the temper, or disturbs the reason, mistrust and oppose its influence; but when, on cool reflection and patient examination, it accords with the peace and comfort of the mind, cherish and support it.—It is then the friend to virtue, and the parent of happiness.——It then becomes that animating, incentive with which Heaven kindly inspires us to guide and bring us to itself.

—But

—But I am wandering, I fear, into tedious declamation, and must have done.—

Eugenius. I can answer for myself, Honorius, and I believe for the whole of your little audience, that you would not have harangued them into impatience, if you had continued your excellent and improving observations to the hour of midnight.——As for our philosopher here, you have charmed him into an admiration, which he sufficiently discovers by his expressive looks, or more expressive silence.

Philosopher. That I am pleased and delighted with the sentiments which our friend has been so kind as to deliver

to us, I most heartily acknowledge:—but, however vain it may appear, I must beg leave to declare, because it is the truth, that they have long been my own:—tho' I fear, if it had been my lot to have given my thoughts upon the subject,—I should not have reached his strength of language, or elegance of expression:—And I am sure that he is but ill-prepared to deliver his observations to the world, who is unwilling to adopt the sentiments of Honorius.——The work of an author is his child—his offspring; and having nursed it with parental fondness, he may be naturally supposed to regard it with some degree of partiality.——If, therefore, he has not considered the consequences of exposing it to the world,
and

and fortified his mind against the most unpleasant of them,—his inattentive and hasty procedure will be attended with much chagrin and mortification.—If he writes to instruct, reform, or even to amuse mankind, his work, partaking of human frailty, whatever may be its general excellence, must have many imperfections;—and there never will be wanting some, whose interest it will be to entrench their power in the midst of them, and raise a battery of violent opposition.—But even if I was to be visionary for a moment, and give that perfection to a work which no human work ever possessed,—envy may, nay will scoff at it,—and ignorance, against whose attacks the first merit

cannot be always protected, may misrepresent it:—and if this is not considered, nay, in some measure, expected previous to the hour of publication, the poor, inglorious author will reap a plenteous harvest of mortification and disappointment.

Eug.—You appear, my good friend, —to speak with some degree of feeling upon this subject;—and if I was not well acquainted with your character and disposition,—I should imagine that the intelligence you received from me yesterday concerning your late production, had forced this last observation from you.—What say you?—
Have I touched your authorship in a tender place?—

Philos.

Philos.—You chuse to be joecular, Eugenius,—and I am ever entertained with the lively fallies of your imagination.—But you know me better than to believe, that I am to be affected by the trifles of this world; and especially in the business to which you now offer your very laughable allusions.—But as you made a cursory mention of your intelligence, which was the cause of so much merriment and good humour between us last night, it will be proper to give Honorius the history of it, that he may not be in the dark in an affair of such mighty importance.

You must know then, that Eugenius being yesterday at dinner in *Bristol*,—the little volume, which I lately presented

fented to the inhabitants of that city,
 became the subject of conversation;—
 and the history which he gave me of it, is
 sufficient to raise a fabric of vain-glory
 which would satisfy a far more ambitious
 author than I am.—The majority of
 the company, it seems, were pleased to
 honour this little book with their warmest
 applause; while some of them declared
 they did not relish that species of
 writing;—and the rest, who, I think you
 flattered me, Eugenius, by declaring,
 were few in number, seemed to think
 it an illiberal work;—as it appeared to
 be very severe upon the trading pro-
 fessions, in one of the first trading cities
 in Europe.—This I believe is the
 fact as, with much good humour, it was
 stated to me;—and these are the obser-
 vations

uations which, with equal good-humour,
I shall make upon it to you.

—To those who bore such an
honourable testimony to my good inten-
tions, as to favour me with their applause,
I return my best acknowledgements.—

As for the good kind of people, who
have not a taste for that kind of writing, I
know many who would consider them as
objects of compassion; but as I am not ac-
quainted with the grounds of this deficiency
in their judgement, if it be one,—I shall
hold my peace.—But as for you, my good
friends, who think me guilty of illiberality,
if your opinion proceeds from ignorance,
I pity you;—and if it should arise
from the force and power of my
observations, which come so home to
your

your business and bosoms, that you kick against the truth of them,—then I forgive you;—but upon this condition,—that you forgive yourselves:—and if you will endeavour to banish your fordid dispositions, and encourage sentiments of benevolence and liberality,—the time is at hand when you will no longer think me illiberal,—when you will love and respect me.—But how can I with justice be accused of being illiberal, when I plead the cause of humanity;—when I endeavour to open the heart to the most amiable impressions of charity and loving-kindness?—This cannot be!—and the illiberal spirit, I believe, will not be found in my book,—but in the accusers of it.

—It

—It is, I believe, universally acknowledged, that there is not a more effectual method of painting the beauty of any particular virtue, than by contrasting it with the nature, character and effects of the contrary vice.—To support this position I could produce the most powerful authorities, not only from the best writers in all languages,—but from the sacred and inspired writings of the Holy Scriptures.—A mere nominal description of any individual virtue, without bringing it forward to the view, by some dark shades of opposite qualities, would have the same effect upon the mind, as Chinese paintings produce upon the eye:—for whatever brightness their colours may boast, the designs, being destitute of perspective and without those effects which arise from a proper distribution

tion of light and shadow, they are seldom applied but to adorn a fire-screen, or as the light, gaudy ornaments of a lady's dressing room; and are never admitted into the repositories of the curious, or suffered to appear in the gallery of the Man of Taste,

—In supporting the cause of humanity I designed to mark the enemies of it, in opposition to that fair and lovely character which is its ornament and its perfection.—In this necessary part of my undertaking I spoke in the most general terms,—and under the most general descriptions.—When I mentioned the Man of Trade, the Man of Gain, and the Man of Merchandize, I wished to expose the sordid narrow soul,—not as belonging to
any

any person, place or station, but in whom-
soever or wheresoever it might be found,
or to whatever station it might be asso-
ciated.—

But let the stricken Deer go weep,

—The Hart ungall'd go play!——

—“ You that have free souls, it touches
“ not you, let the gall'd jade wince, your
“ withers are unwrung!”

—Wherefore do I applaud the good,
but that their bosoms may re-echo the ap-
plause!—and wherefore should I con-
demn the vicious, but that their hearts may
aid the condemnation!——This is the
duty of every moral writer:—and to crown
it

it with success is his happiness and his fame.

—If there should be any sordid characters, who are affected by my observations,—I rejoice that my pen is arm'd with powers to support the cause of virtue.—May they feel its reproofs to the reformation of their hearts.—And if I should be the means of extracting one single penny from that purse which has never yet been opened for the relief of indigence and distress, I shall not have written in vain.—

Does any one reproach thee, says the Grecian philosopher, for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting, and I will add, mean or sordid ; consider within thyself whether
his

his reproaches are true.—If they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being; and, perhaps, loves what thou really art, tho' he hates what thou appearest to be.—If his reproaches are true;—if thou art the envious, ill-natured, sordid man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn:—become mild, affable and obliging; and his reproaches naturally cease;—but if even they should continue, thou art no longer the person whom he reproaches.

———Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
'Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When

When that I say the city-woman bears
 The cost of Princes on unworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function,
 That says, his bravery is not on my cost;
 Thinking, that I mean him, but therein suits
 His folly to the metal of my speech?

There then; how then? what then? let
 me see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him
 right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be
 free,

Why, then, my taxing, like a wild-goose,
 flies

Unclaim'd of any man.

As you like it.

The

The respectable merchant is one of the most respectable characters of the British community.—The man, whose gain is the reward of his honest and laborious industry, is truly worthy of respect and estimation:—and the fair retail dealer, tho' inferior in station, is no less useful and necessary to the welfare and convenience of society.—Such men will not be displeased with my observations;—such men will approve them.—And if the excellent, pious and benevolent Mr. COLSTON, whose charitable institutions do so much honour to his memory, and produce so much utility to this city, were alive at this hour,—I should not, I trust, have been the object of his censure.—I know many who are engaged in the trading

and gainful professions, who would do honour to any situation in life,—and on whom nature has written gentleman in such legible characters, that they who run may read.—But tho' in my general remarks on the men of sordid minds,—I bore no allusion to any particular men or profession of men,—Now, that I am engaged in the more pleasing task of praise, I look around me, and behold many characters most highly deserving of it; some of whom have enjoyed the first honours which this great and flourishing city can bestow.

I happened about a fortnight ago to be in company, where the Guinea Trade was the topic of conversation:
 ---and

—and I could not forbear from expressing my concern and indignation at the inhuman traffic.—I had spoken some time upon the subject,—and was proceeding to enlarge upon the excellent observation of Montesquieu,—“ *that if Negroes are men, they who traded in them could not be christians.*”——

When a gentleman of a very pleasing appearance, informed me in a very genteel manner, that he had been and was, at that time, much concerned in that species of traffic.—But, Sir, he was pleased to add, I give you this information that I may have an opportunity of assuring you how much I approve your observations upon it.—I must acknowledge, that this trade is not to be justified upon any principles

of humanity and religion, unless they may be sometimes permitted to soften their rigour in compliance with political necessity.---While our colonies continue to employ Negroes, these unhappy people will be conveyed thither.---If any substitutes could be found, that would exempt a part of the rational creation from slavery, I should rejoice, and would willingly forego a commerce which is so dishonourable to the human species.---But while it continues,---there cannot be any good reason why I may not receive those profits which, if I were to relinquish them, would be eagerly pursued and gladly obtained by another. Besides, as I make it a matter of conscience, that those whom I employ in the purchase of slaves, should treat them

them with the utmost humanity,—I hope that, while the trade itself is deservedly stigmatized,—they, who follow it upon the most liberal and humane principles of which it is capable, may not be involved in the general censure.

—I was delighted;---and could, with real pleasure, have taken him to my bosom;—and as I was about to tell him so, I was interrupted by the abrupt and hasty departure of one of the company;—who having shut the door after him with a most passionate violence, returned again before I was recovered from my surprize, and holding the door in his hand, said, in an angry tone to the gentleman who had just been speaking, —“ you may say what you please of the

Guinea-Trade,—that it is contrary to religion and humanity and all that ;”—“ but this I know,” added he, holding forth his hat, “ that I have got this full of money by it : ”—and then he shut the door again with his former violence, and departed.——This is the fordid character whom I have marked for disgust ;—whom, under the title of the Man of Trade, the Man of Gain and of Merchandize, I have endeavoured to hold forth to public censure.——And sure I am, that I shall never repent the moment of severity which has been employed upon that person, who would not only trample on the first laws of humanity and religion,—and harden his heart against every sentiment of benevolence, but triumph in the deed, because,
by

by such means, he had acquired an hat full of money.—Let his hat be lined with gold;—I wish it were in my power to ransack his heart:—and if my pen should reach the flinty recesses of it, and soften its obduracy,—I will bless Heaven on my knees ten times a day, for making me such an instrument of its justice and its mercy.

—I have but small pretensions to merit as an author:—but if I could rank with the most celebrated names in the republic of letters, I should still be superior to mortification, when I saw my works thrown aside by men who are destitute of taste, learning and sentiment. —There is a kind of heaviness and ignorance, which hangs upon and pervades
the

the minds of some men, which is too thick for knowledge to penetrate :—they are those whom

Nox atra cavà circumvolat umbrâ
Night overshadows with its thickest gloom.

—While I possess the applause of those few, whose applause to me is the most desirable fame, I shall be entirely satisfied, tho' the hiss of disapprobation should proceed from a thousand tongues.
—But where censure arises, not from a disinclination to approve, but from misapprehension, there it becomes the duty of every author to illustrate his meaning, —and throw, if possible, some irradiations of common sense and intelligence into the darkened understanding.

Keen

Keen and forcible observations upon any depravity of manners or character, when interspersed through works of sentiment and benevolence, are most likely to have a salutary influence ;—as they strike upon the mind in its unsuspicious state,—when, if it has any feeling, it is most open to impressions :—While known satires are not, in general, attended with such good effects ; as the mind, conscious that it may deserve the lash, fortifies itself against its chastisements ;—and previous to the perusal, steels itself, as it were, against its power.

—But, after all, tho' I have given no reasonable cause for any one to suppose me, with justice, guilty of illiberality,—I cannot shut the mouths of the illiberal.

—If

—If I walk the streets in the night, tho' I may be conscious that I have no bad designs upon any one's house, yet I cannot prevent the dogs from barking at me.

—*Hon.* You are certainly, my friend, in the right, and I cannot but highly approve of sentiments which bear so strict a conformity to the nature of things.— But your picture of the misrepresentations to which the clearest authors are subject, calls to my mind a story which I have somewhere read of a very extraordinary and humourous instance of it.

—A pragmatICAL fellow in the country, upon reading *the Whole Duty of Man*, had written the names of several persons in
the

the village at the side of every fin which is mentioned by that excellent author ; so that he had converted one of the best books in the world into a libel against the 'squire, church-wardens, overseers of the poor, and all the most considerable persons in the parish.—This book with these extraordinary marginal notes fell accidentally into the hands of one who had never seen it before ; upon which there arose a current report that somebody had written a book against the 'squire and the whole parish.—The minister of the place having at that time a controversy with some of his congregation upon the account of his tithes, was under some suspicion of being the author, 'till the good man set his people right, by shewing them that the satirical passages might be applied to several others

others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was writ against all the sinners in England.

Eug. Your very excellent story, Hon-
 orius, brings to my recollection an instance
 of misrepresentation, for I cannot suppose it
 to be misapprehension, which relates to the
 well-known life and opinions of *Tristram*
Shandy. — The author of that celebrated
 work at the close of his matchless descripti-
 on of Yorick's death, introduced a black or
 mourning page. — I cannot conceive, how
 it was possible for his design to be mistaken;
 —but so it was:—and such whimsical and
 idle conjectures were made concerning it,
 —that he resolved, since the leaf of one
 dead colour, with a moral meaning, was
 so little understood, to exercise the inge-
 nuity

nulty of his readers inventions, and try how they would receive a fanciful page of various colours, which was inserted in a succeeding volume without any meaning at all.—Various were the remarks which the gentry of deep scent made upon this parti-coloured paper.—Some thought it was a satire upon folly, because there was red and yellow on it ;—others that it had a love-sick allusion, as there was a trifling mixture of green in the composition.—

Two or three very wise personages declared that there must have been some mistake, and that it should have been introduced in Yorick's sermons, and have served as a frontispiece to his discourse upon the History of Joseph, in allusion to his coat of many colours.—But the deep and more sententious critics discovered, with great triumph

triumph and exultation, that, as this page was decorated with three colours, and no more,—and no less,—that it must be intended to ridicule the Doctrine of the Trinity.

————But to be more serious.————

I have often observed, that selfish and interested minds are so busy in the monopoly of whatever appears to concern them, that they will pass over general good to promote their own welfare, and pass by a general insult upon the rights of humanity, to revenge their own injury.

The truly learned and most humane author of the essay on crimes and punishments has the following observation in a

note

note on his chapter concerning bankrupts.

——“ I have, heretofore, said that the
 “ honest bankrupt,—that is, the man who
 “ has failed through misfortunes unavoidable
 “ by human prudence, should be
 “ kept in custody as a pledge for his debts
 “ or employed as a slave to work for his
 “ creditors: but I am ashamed of having
 “ adopted so cruel an opinion.—I have
 “ been accused of impiety,—I did not
 “ deserve it.—I have been accused of
 “ sedition,—I deserved it as little, but I
 “ insulted all the rights of humanity, and
 “ was never reproached.”

Philos. Well, my good friends,—I
 will endeavour to make you some returns
 for the pleasure I have received from your
 remarks and illustrations ;—and I flatter
 myself

myself that I have a letter in my hand which will enable me do it with some degree of success.—I received it since my little publication made its appearance;—to which, indeed, the whole of it alludes.—If it is authentic, the writer must possess an uncommon share of simplicity;—and if it should be fictitious, the author of it must be a person of considerable humour.

—But you shall judge for yourselves.—

The LETTER.

To—the PHILOSOPHER in BRISTOL.

MR. PHILOSOPHER,

Sir,

“ WHEN you first advertised your
 “ book in the *Bristol* papers, I
 “ was curious to know what the out-
 “ landish words in the advertisement
 “ meant; and not happening to meet
 “ with our Parson to ask him the
 “ question,—I asked my youngest boy,
 “ who was at home for the Whitsuntide
 “ holidays, whether he could make it
 “ out; and he said it was Latin; so I
 “ told him, as he had been three years
 “ at a Latin school, to write it me down

E

in

“ in plain English.—And after a good
 “ deal of scratching the head and thumb-
 “ ing his Dictionary, as he called it,
 “ he said that how the first part of it
 “ was,——*be circumspect*.—Yes, said I,
 “ Teddy, very good advice, yes, it is
 “ very good advice indeed; and I hope
 “ you will follow it as your father has
 “ done before you.—But where is the rest
 “ said I;—so then he told me that the
 “ rest meant, that *a Philosopher was the*
 “ *best Trade*.——Trade, boy! said I, why
 “ I never heard of such a trade in my
 “ life; we have none of them, I believe,
 “ in this part of the world.—And when
 “ I was in *London* some years ago, at
 “ the Lord-Mayor’s show, and saw all
 “ the trades walk in procession, I don’t
 “ believe there was a philosopher among
 them;—

“ them,—La! Daddy, said the boy, our
 “ master, t’other day, told us a long
 “ story about a man, that he called a
 “ philosopher, who lived in a Tub.—And
 “ faith, the boy was in the right;—for
 “ I remember about four years ago, when
 “ I went to see my uncle *Thomas Seagrove*
 “ at *Kingston upon Thames*, in the county
 “ of *Surry*, he took me to look at one
 “ of the King’s houses called *Hampton-*
 “ *Court*: and I remember the show-man
 “ told us that in one of the tapestry,
 “ pictures there was a famous man whom
 “ he called a philosopher, or some such
 “ name, who lived in a Tub; and that
 “ when some great King came to see
 “ him, and offered to do him service at
 “ court,—he desired him to stand out
 “ of his sun-shine, and not take that

“ from him which he could not give
 “ him;—and did not so much as thank
 “ him for his kind offer.—Now I re-
 “ member as well as if it was yesterday,
 “ that whatever he was, I thought him
 “ a great fool for his pains.—For who
 “ knows but he might have been made
 “ a commissioner of the customs, and got
 “ his sons to be principal clerks, and his
 “ cousins to be tide-waiters;—and have
 “ provided for his family as it is the
 “ duty of every man to do;—and as I
 “ have done, tho’ I say it that should
 “ not say it.—But I am a plain man,
 “ Mr. Philosopher, and don’t pretend to
 “ any-thing.—To be sure I have made
 “ a good provision for myself and
 “ family, and I thank God for it.—I
 “ have got a little money upon a certain
 “ Bridge,

“ Bridge, and a few hundreds upon a
 “ Turnpike,—not to mention a good
 “ round sum upon a great squire’s estate not
 “ fifty miles from this city.—I am also
 “ part-owner of two Snows and a Brig,
 “ which have answered very well:—
 “ not to mention a good lump of money
 “ in the four per cent. consol.—My
 “ stock in trade is very considerable:
 “ —besides, at this time, I have ven-
 “ tured to speculate a little,—and have
 “ bought about twelve hogheads of raw
 “ sugars, and twenty butts of currants.
 “ ——So that tho’ you have called your
 “ own trade the best, whatever it may
 “ be, I would not change with you, I
 “ assure you.—But I cannot help
 “ thinking that, in some parts of your
 “ book, you seem to make a jeer of
 “ trade

“ trade, as if all who followed it were
 “ a good for nothing set of folks.—If
 “ you mean that,—I am sure you don’t
 “ tell truth; and I would advise you
 “ not to trouble your head again about
 “ what you do not understand.—
 “ Indeed, I should not have bought
 “ your book, for it seems very little
 “ for the money, as I seldom read
 “ any thing but the papers, and accounts
 “ of ghosts and monsters, or news from
 “ America, or histories of cruel, barba-
 “ rous and bloody murders,—and last
 “ dying speeches and confessions, with
 “ the birth, parentage and education of
 “ those who make them;—but my
 “ youngest girl had seen it somewhere
 “ where she was tea-drinking, and said
 “ she never saw so pretty a book in all
 “ her

“ her days; so, as it was printed at
 “ *Bristol*,—I sent to the bookfeller for
 “ it;—and the girls, a parcel of fools,
 “ were hugely pleased with it;—but I
 “ believe it to be a parcel of most
 “ confounded lies from the beginning
 “ to the end of it.—The old foldier and
 “ the generous failor, as you call him,
 “ are, I verily believe, fancies of your
 “ own; and as for the story about the
 “ *Cobler*, that, I’ll swear, is a thumper :
 “ ---for I live in Saint James’s myself,
 “ and I know that there is no such
 “ man:—and my old schoolmaster used
 “ to say, that they who lye in some things
 “ would lye in all. I once happened, I
 “ remember, to look into a book which
 “ gave an account of one *Lemuel Gulliver*,
 “ who went on board the *Antelope*, *William*
 “ *Prichard*,

“ *Prichard, Master*, and set sail from
 “ *Bristol*, May 4, 1699, on a voyage to
 “ the South Sea;—and that, after many
 “ dangers, he came to an island where
 “ the inhabitants were no higher than
 “ a quart pot:—and having returned safe
 “ home, that he went on board the
 “ *Adventure* in the *Downs* on the 20th
 “ day of June 1702, *Captain John*
 “ *Nicholas, a Cornishman, Commander*,
 “ and sailed to a country where the
 “ people were as tall as *Redcliffe church*.
 “ —Now I do verily believe, that the
 “ whole of this book is a most bare-
 “ faced lye.—The author of it might
 “ be a philosopher for ought I know;
 “ and I think if he was alive, you
 “ would be very good company for
 “ each other; and might try to impose
 upon

“ upon one another ;—for you will never
 “ be able to do it on any body else,
 “ unless it be upon a few, filly, weak
 “ women.—I was told, I think, that
 “ this book was written by a Parson ;
 “ the more shame for him to tell such
 “ a parcel of stories ;—for you must
 “ know that I like to see a clergyman
 “ behave as he ought to do :—I never
 “ miss going to church myself once a
 “ week,—and never post my books on
 “ a sacrament Sunday,—tho’ I can’t say
 “ so much for some of my neighbours ;
 “ but I hope God will forgive them.—

“ You seem, Mr. Philosopher, to have
 “ something of a pen, and the *Supervisor*
 “ who is a good sensible man, says that
 “ you handle it in a very topping manner.
 —I wish

“ —I wish therefore you had writ against
 “ gaming and extravagance, and tying
 “ up hair in pig-tails, and wearing showy
 “ top-knots, and such sort of things,
 “ and many an honest man who has a
 “ family would have been obliged to
 “ you.—For, to be sure, things are
 “ strangely altered since I first set up in
 “ trade; and when I married my wife,
 “ who was as tight an young woman as
 “ any in the parish, she was content to
 “ wear blue worsted stockings, and thought
 “ herself very fine indeed if they had
 “ red clocks to them; but now my girls
 “ wont wear any-thing but white cotton;
 “ so what the world will come to I
 “ cannot guess.—Besides, they must,
 “ every week, at least, have a powder
 “ monkey of a barbering fellow to make
 “ them

“ them look for all the world like
 “ *Friesland-hens*; and when I grumble
 “ and tell them of their extravagance,
 “ the faucy fluts pretend to say, that
 “ if nobody used any-thing more than
 “ just what they wanted, it would have
 “ been worse for me.—there is some
 “ truth, I believe, in what they say, but
 “ I don’t see what business they had to
 “ find it out.—I remember the time
 “ when my Wig was combed but once
 “ a week and I was shaved but twice :
 “ —but now, as I am a very black man,
 “ in order to be decent, as I am told, I
 “ am lathered, at least, every other day;
 “ and my Wigs are more worn out by
 “ the barber’s block than by my head.
 “ —But I don’t mean to toil and sweat
 “ for ever ;—for as soon as ever my son

Thomas

“ *Thomas* is fit to manage the business,
 “ I’ll buy a country house at the end of
 “ *Stoke’s-Croft* or *Redcliffe-street*; there I’ll
 “ retire, and raise early cucumbers and
 “ feed a few pigs, and shave but twice a
 “ week as I was used to do.--So Mr. Philo-
 “ sopher, I bid you good bye:—but, as
 “ you are a tip-top writer, in case I should
 “ have made any blunders, I have
 “ desired the Supervisor to over-look
 “ this letter:—so, errors excepted,

I am,

Your servant to command,

TIMOTHY PLODMAN.

—When

—When the letter was concluded, and the laughter, which it had occasioned, began to subside; Eugenius declared that, notwithstanding the late hour of the night, he would then walk ten miles, with the greatest pleasure, to see and converse with the writer of it.—He was proceeding, when Honoria smil'd and shook her head at him.—You prove, said she, the lateness of the hour by the sleepiness of your faculties;—so, lighting her candle, she curtsied with much formality to the Philosopher; and shaking her head again very sarcastically at Eugenius,—she retired.

—I protest, said he,—I never found Honoria so unintelligible since I have
had

had the honour of knowing her.—
What can she mean?——

—I will go and ask her, my good friend, said Honorius, if you will permit me!——so I wish you a good night; and to-morrow morning, at breakfast, I will give you an account of my embassy.——

—Eugenius was, by no means, satisfied;—and was about to express his dissatisfaction,—when a little figure of a bird presented itself on the top of a wooden clock;—and having repeated the Cuckow's note twelve times, it withdrew.—The philosopher pointed to the dial; and after shaking his head at his friend,—he took his hat and went his way.——

Eugenius,—

Eugenius, fauntered up and down the room for a few minutes ; but finding that it did not answer, he rung the bell, for the servant to bring his *Robe de Chambre*,—and he soon afterwards retired to hold deep councils with his pillow.

The

The Concert.

THERE are some people in the world who are ever ready to do offices of kindness and courtesy :—and I was so fortunate, some days ago, to meet with a gentleman of this happy and amiable disposition ; who, when I happened to mention my partiality to musical entertainments, immediately offered to introduce me to a Concert which he was then preparing to attend.—I accepted this invitation, and passed a most pleasant and delightful evening.—The music was good ; and the harmony of the performance could be equall'd only by the good humour of the little assembly.—The company was not
large

large but very select,—and appeared, which heightened the pleasure I received from being admitted into it, to be a pleasant family meeting.

—I hope, therefore, the ladies and gentlemen, to whom I am indebted for the elegant music of this evening, will pardon me, if I beg permission to make a little offering from a sister science, and to dedicate it to them.

F

The

The Powers of Harmony,

An O D E.

I.

*NYMPHS of the sacred Hill! to you
belong,*

The Grace and Energy of song!

And while your praises I rehearse,

Oh deign to smile upon my verse;

Whether by Aganippe's fount ye stray,

Or Heliconian springs your flight delay:

Reclin'd on Avon's verdant side,

Where commerce swells the rolling tide,

I call the sacred virgins to inspire:

Aid me!—Oh aid me, while I strike the Lyre!

II. Sure,

II.

*Sure, 'tis an heavenly voice that sings !
 Some hand immortal sweeps the strings !
 To Jesse's harp the magic notes belong :
 He sings, and lo !—the powerful song
 Makes Israel's King affrighted stand :
 The javelin trembles in his nerveless hand ;
 And vengeance, weaken'd by the melting strain,
 Strives to strike,—but strives in vain.
 Each furious passion in the Monarch's breast
 Hides its head, and sinks to rest.
 —Again he listens to the Lyre !
 The slumbering tyrants of the heart
 Spread their black wings and quick depart ;
 While the pleasing sounds inspire
 A purer flame,—a gentler fire.*

III.

*But hark ! I hear a loud, tumultuous strain
Rise on the breezes of the western main !*

*From Mona's heights, the Druid throng
Strike on their harps the dying song
Of Liberty :—the enliv'ning sounds inspire
Their hallowed bosoms with impetuous fire :*

*Enrag'd they hurry to the war,
Where grim death threatens in his scythed car ;*

*Their madd'ning fury scorns to fear
Th' uplifted sword,—the hissing spear ;*

*The griesly warrior they defy ;—
They liv'd for freedom, and for freedom die.*

*They strike their harps in death :—the awful
sound*

Spreads havoc and confusion round.

*Beside their harps the mangled forms remain,
To glut the vulture and pollute the plain !*

IV. Why

IV.

*Why, gentle shepherd, on the mountain's brow,
 With dangerous footsteps dost thou love to go ?
 Careless where thy flocks shall stray,
 Why dost thou sometimes take the dubious way
 Within the thorny tanglings of the wood,
 Or where the willow weeps beside the flood ?---
 Has Amaryllis' voice thy bosom charm'd,
 And all thy tender feelings warm'd
 With anxious love and soft desire ?
 Return, thou pensive swain, the amorous fire !
 Oh make the reed declare thy flame,
 And teach the echoes Amaryllis' name !---
 Thy notes shall steal into her breast,
 And with their softening power, controul
 The secret wishes of her soul.
 Oh ! let her hear the tender strain !
 Lur'd by the sound she'll quit the plain ;---*

*She'll soon, like thee, devoid of rest,
 Stray 'mid the tanglings of the wood,
 Or with the willow weep beside the flood ;
 Thy warblings sweet will her fond passion move,
 And bend her alter'd soul to thee---and love !*

V.

*Oh, turn not thine attentive ear
 To those sweet sounds, thou lovely boy !
 Those pleasing sounds 'tis death to hear ;
 They only sooth thee to destroy !
 'Tis Circe sings to tempt thee to her bower,---
 There hath she scatter'd every sweetest flower :
 But 'midst her flowers do poisonous adders lie,
 And her enchanting bowers but lead to infamy.
 Turn, turn thine eyes to where yon circling train
 Enjoy the pleasures of the plain :*

Go

*Go join their dance,---go join their song ;
 With them the festive hours prolong
 In harmless sports and merry glee,
 To sound of rural minstrelsy.
 Their pleasures Virtue doth attend,
 For pleasure there is Virtue's friend.*

VI.

*The passions rise, again they die,
 By the power of harmony !
 The soft lute sooths the lover's pains !
 The trumpet sounds in martial strains,
 And lo!---the Veteran, mark'd with many a
 scar,
 Hastes impatient to the war !
 While to the sacred Choir tis given,
 To raise the enraptur'd soul to Heaven.*

VII.

VII.

*Here cease my simple Lyre !
 Let other Bards to nobler heights aspire !
 Let them with bolder pinion try
 To trace the course of that fix'd harmony,
 Which nature, all obedient, hears ;
 Which marks the day, and marks the hour,
 Commands the ocean's wave, directs the spheres,
 And through Creation bears the heavenly power.
 I only strike the sounding shell,
 In low and inexpressive verse, to tell
 That Music's power can controul
 The passions of the human soul :
 That when fair H---lh---e strikes the tune-
 ful strings,
 A rose-lip'd cherub sweetly sings ;
 —That all the grace and energy of song,
 To B——y's magic powers belong.*

The

The EVENING.

THE real satisfaction and pleasures of life are capable of being received and enjoyed by all ranks and conditions of men.—A wise and kind Providence, in the distribution of its best gifts, does not consider rank and condition, but bestows them alike on the whole race of human beings.—The sun shines upon all:—the blue firmament, fretted with golden fires, and all the magnificence as well as beauty of nature is visible to every eye.—The music of the grove, and the fragrance of the garden, are dispensed to the villager as well as to the monarch, and the shepherds

herd's posie regales his sense with as sweet perfume, as the gaudy *Boquet* that adorns the bosom of the most admired daughter of vanity and fashion.

—The exotic plant and rare flowering shrub are only to be seen in the parterre and plantation of the rich:—but the rose, which boasts a superior beauty and fragrance, is ever to be found in the garden of the peasant. —The Lavender gives him its odours;—the sweet-briar grows in his hedge;—the Woodbine twines around his trees, and the Jessamine creeps up the wall of his cottage, and luxuriates about his casement.

The simple pleasures of nature are those which the heart acknowledges by
a constant

a constant and unfeigned cheerfulness,
 —The delights of modern refinement
 never look beyond the senses, and if
 these are gratified, the end appears to
 be answered.—But this is a miserable
 error:—for the senses being no more
 than avenues to the heart, those joys
 must be very weak and imperfect which
 rest with them, and have not strength
 to reach their proper destination.

—To study and contemplate the magnificent apparatus of the universe, which the Great Creator has contrived for our use and happiness, 'till we are lost, as it were, in the power and goodness of its divine author;—or, in the language of the poet,—“to look through nature
 “up to nature's God,”—is an employment
 of

of infinite use and attended with the most sublime satisfactions.

—When we turn our thoughts to the great Theatre of the world, and consider how vast its extent,—how amazing its structure,—how wonderful its contrivance,—with what beauty it is adorned, and the powers which are bestowed upon us to comprehend and enjoy it, we must feel an indubitable conviction in our hearts, that, in the language of the psalmist, “we are little lower than the Angels.”——If this idea of exaltation is properly impressed upon our minds, it will inspire us with a noble ambition to act worthy of our nature and our end,—and to endeavour to exercise our faculties conformably to the rank we hold

hold among reasonable beings, and the hopes we have of being advanced to a more exalted station.—For if even in this state of finite, uncertain and probationary duration, there are moments of real delight ;—if, amid the clouds and darkness,—the storms and tempests of the world, there are some scenes so exquisitely pleasing,—as to be able to charm away the sense of present pain,—and to repay us for past sorrow ;—how infinitely glorious and blessed must that transition be to another state of existence, where all the objects being of a most pure and exalted nature, our capacities for enjoyment will be proportionably enlarged, strengthened and improved.

There

There are too many, among the sons of error, who are continually engaged in designing a dark and gloomy picture of the world;—and cast such a black mantle of evil and misfortune around life, as to make it appear an object of disgust and dissatisfaction rather than of comfort and contentment.—That there is evil in the world, I mean in the general acceptation of the word, must be readily acknowledged; but it is equally evident, that there is no more of it than is necessary to make this life a state of trial, and to direct our thoughts to another which is to succeed it.—Life, like a well finished picture, consists of a wise distribution of light and shade, and when the latter prevails so as to obscure the former,

former, it must arise from the folly, indolence or unskilfulness of the painter.

Mankind are, in general, the creators of their own miseries :---and if we were to investigate, with an unprejudic'd and patient attention, the nature of our sorrows, we should discover their source to be in ourselves.—The irregularity of our passions, the weakness of our resolutions, and our inattention to those means whereby we might controul the former and strengthen the latter, are plenteous and constant springs of pain and uneasiness.—When a taste for simple and rational pleasures is vitiated by a love for the diversions of fashion and vanity ;---when the beauties of a summer's evening are neglected for the card table or the assembly ; and the glo-
ries

ries of the rising sun, which compose the most magnificent spectacle through all the realms of nature, are sacrificed to a shameful indolence and enervating slumbers;—of whom can we, with justice, complain, when we feel that painful vacancy of mind, that listless and wearisome disposition,—and that total dissatisfaction which arises from such a conduct?—of whom or what can we complain but ourselves,---and our own idleness and folly?

---I have really known those who have dared to acknowledge, that, in the course of their lives, they never beheld the fiery beams dart above the horizon as the heralds of the sun's triumphant entry into this nether hemisphere.—And I fear, the number of those is very considerable
indeed,

indeed, who would never have beheld it, if accident or necessity had not contributed to the event.—The sounding horn may call the sportsman from his slumbers to pursue the chase at the dawn, and he may then behold it;—the sons and daughters of affliction, after a night of vigilant and restless sorrow, may cast a languid and dissatisfied eye upon its orient blushes; ---and the man of pleasure may reel beneath its beams from the brothel or the gaming house.---But the philosopher rises to pay his early adoration to the God of nature, and to catch a glow of devotion from the morn's encreasing splendor.

---I have not been inattentive to the matter, and I never was disposed to believe that those evils which human wisdom could not

G

foresee

foresee, nor human prudence prevent, can be the cause of real affliction to wise and reflecting minds.—They must feel,---- but they will feel in a manner as becomes them;—and not increase the sorrow which, arises from the will of Heaven, by their own frowardness and discontent, but diminish its pain by their resignation and patience.-----The necessary griefs of time are frequently, if not always, its greatest blessings; and they who, by their high attainments in virtue and excellence, appear to have the best claim to the favour of Heaven, are oftentimes surrounded by them.—But amidst all the afflictions of life,—“to be good is to be happy.”——“Angels are happier than mankind because they’re better.”——Our capacity for happiness absolutely depends upon our capacity for
goodness

goodness ;---and the progressive course of mental excellence, through whatever gradations of being it may be continued, will be followed by an adequate happiness, till they both attain the summit of their perfection.

These thoughts occur'd to me, in a friend's garden, as I sat beneath an oak,---which seemed, from its gloomy shade and the beautiful scenery around it, to have been planted on purpose to afford a canopy for the man of contemplation.---It stands upon the brow of an hill whose declivities, which are finely adorned with thickets, fall boldly down to a beautiful valley beneath it.---The ground about it is fringed with a plantation, and the intervening lawn is chiselled, as it were, into a

most agreeable variety of surface, and adorned with little scattered knots of shrubs and flowers.—To the right, there is a magnificent hanging wood, that forms a fine mass of the darkest verdure,---which is happily contrasted by the bright green of the winding glade beneath it.—through the latter meanders a beautiful river, which, at its first entrance into the valley, divides its stream into two branches, and forms a small irregular island; which being adorned with a few stately trees, adds very much to the charms of this lovely scene. To the left of the river, rises another wood, more bold and abrupt than its opposite neighbour, from between the trees whereof, large craggy rocks appear in venerable beauty.—The distant prospect to which these woods serve as an avenue, consist

consist of meadows, farms, and a small scattered village, and these conduct the eye to the horizon;—which, this evening, was in possession of more beauty than I ever remember to have beheld in this part of Europe.—The sun was in all its declining splendor,—and a few scattered clouds which were very low in the Heavens, as they caught the parting rays, appeared to be purple islands floating in a golden ocean. But this wonderful scene was transient as it was beautiful.—The colours soon faded away, and nought remained but some pale streaks of light which seemed to hover over the horizon.

I sat beneath the oak and beheld the bright vision pass away;—and compared it to the latter end of the good man,

around whose closing scene, the applause of virtue and the smile of Heaven casts a splendid dignity.—And when I considered the beauteous state of renovation which the bright orb would appear to have undergone at the morning's dawn, I looked forwards to the great and tremendous day, when a slumbering world will be summoned from the grave,

And suns will rise to set no more !

—But now the pale moon had assumed her regency in the Heavens,—and glimmered sweetly upon my meditations ; her faint light rested upon the woods,—and her silver beams quivered on the water. The nightingale also poured forth his enchanting note, and the pauses of his melody

dy were filled up by the hoarse and uncertain dashings of a distant waterfall.

—Here I sat in a delightful state of silent and tranquil enjoyment; and had just composed the following sonnet, when my friend came to warn me of the evening dews, and to tell me that the curds and cream were ready for my supper.

S O N N E T.

*Oh haste thou harmless Syren of the grove
 Sweet Philomel ! to tune thy melting song ;
 And cheer my pensive musings as I rove,
 These shady woods and flowery vales among !
 And thou, O Moon, in sober splendor rise,
 And let thy pale beams on the waters play !
 While Contemplation, daughter of the Skies,
 Corrects the glaring follies of the day !*

Sweet

*Sweet bird, I thank thee for the mournful
strain,*

*That steals so softly on my ravish'd ear,
While the fair Queen of night doth kindly deign*

*In all her silver beauty to appear :
And Fancy, to compleat my soul's delight,
Displays the lov'd Amanda to my sight.*

The

The HARANGUE.

I Was returning from *Thornbury* last week ;—when, at the distance of about eight miles from *Bristol*, I observed a person coming towards me with the utmost speed of which his horse was capable.—It proved to be a servant, who stopped and asked me to direct him, if possible, to find a surgeon,—for Sir, added the man, with a look of infinite concern and impatience, my poor mistress, I believe, is dying upon the road.——I directed him to *Thornbury* ; and hastened to the assistance of the distressed lady.

I had

I had not rode two miles before I saw a chaise standing in the middle of the road, and a lady sitting on a bank beside it; while the postilion was giving her water to drink out of his hat.—I dismounted, and after asking her how she did, I begged to know if I could be of any service to her.—She made no reply but, with her hand, directed my attention to the chaise:—yes, an' please your honour, said the postilion, the gentlewoman, I believe is almost dead, for she gave such desperate groans, just now,—that they quite frightened me.—I therefore went immediately to the carriage, and, looking into it, I saw a pale form of an emaciated woman who appeared to be breathing her last.—In one hand she had a white handkerchief,—and in the other she held a bottle of salts which she had not strength

strength to raise to her head.—As I was stepping into the chaise in order to apply the salts to her nostrils, she opened her eyes, —and with some difficulty raised herself, a little in her seat.—As she leaned forwards, I perceived a large drop of blood at the end of her nose.—It soon fell upon the white handkerchief; when she was immediately seized with a most violent fit of trembling, and after lifting up both her hands and faintly murmuring, Lord have mercy upon my soul,—she sunk down upon the seat of the chaise and expired.—

—I called upon the kindness of some passengers to assist me in the melancholy business of conveying the body to a neighbouring farm house.—The chaise went slowly on; and the lady, whom I found
sitting

sitting upon the bank, followed it, leaning upon my arm,—and weeping at every step.——When we arrived at the house, and she was become somewhat composed, she told me, that the lady, who was just dead, had left the *Hot-Wells*, that morning, contrary to the advice of her physician, who assured her, with a most earnest tenderness, that she had not strength to bear the least agitation or fatigue;—but as she was convinced that she had not long to live,—she was resolved, she said, if possible, to die in her own house; and to see her friends once more before she was separated from them for ever.——I used my utmost endeavours, continued the lady, to dissuade her from this resolution, —but in vain:—and the consequences have answered to my fears and the prognostications

notifications of the physician.—I remained at the farm-house for a few hours to give directions about the removal of the deceased person, and to dispatch messengers to inform her relations of this melancholy event.—When I had compleated this business to the best of my power,—I returned homewards.

As I passed over *Durldham-Down* I met a young friend of mine, who was taking the air;—and related to him the affecting scene which I had beheld, with the concern I had taken in it;—and was proceeding to enlarge upon the effects which it produced in me,—when he, with the greatest coolness and composure, observed, that, if he might be allowed the expression, he envied every person

person who died; and for his part, favoured as he was by the smiles of fortune, he should not be sorry to leave the world behind and shelter himself, from the evils of it, in the grave.

I was surprized at the declaration, especially, as he delivered it with a seriousness which made me almost believe that it came from his heart.—However, I could not refrain from expressing my doubts of his sincerity,—and told him, that, if he was really serious, it must be the whim of the minute,—and would pass away as suddenly as it came.—If that is your opinion, he replied, you are totally unacquainted with my character and disposition;—for continued he, these sentiments

ments have long been mine,—and I do not, at present believe that I shall be easily induced to change them.

We now parted ;—and a few days afterwards I called upon him to enquire whether he retained his very extraordinary sentiments:—but before I could seat myself, —as if he knew my intention, he began the following Harangue ;—and I heard him through the whole of it with the utmost silence and all my attention.

“ Here am I sitting, said he, in perfect
 “ good humour with the world :—and yet,
 “ me-thinks, I could rise from my chair
 “ and with much complacency descend
 “ into the grave and lay my head upon its
 “ cold pillow for ever. What? you will say,
 —have

“ —have you no friends whom you love ?
 “ —no favourite object of your affection ?
 “ —No angelic being upon whom your
 “ soul doats,—that you can think thus
 “ coolly of the matter, and speak of life
 “ as of a thing which contains nothing
 “ worth the living for?—Yes, my friend,
 “ I have friends whom I love,—my affec-
 “ tions look towards a favourite object ;—
 “ there is, yes there is an angelic being on
 “ whom my soul doats,—and yet, with all
 “ these impressions strong upon me I could
 “ be content to call for my bier,—and
 “ point it to the dust.—You shake your
 “ head,—and seem to tell me that I am
 “ nothing but contradiction and fantasy.
 “ —But alas,—you well know that what I
 “ am contented to do to-day,—I may be
 “ forced to do to-morrow,—and that these
 “ ties

“ ties which you think sufficient to bind
 “ me to this world,—may be soon loosed,
 “ and lash my affections, more strongly
 “ still, to another.—The fidelity of the
 “ most faithful,—the charms of the most
 “ charming,—the graces of the most
 “ graceful,—the virtue of the most vir-
 “ tuous,—are all uncertain even in their
 “ existence,—but very precarious indeed
 “ in their duration.—Satisfied then
 “ with the portion of life which I have
 “ enjoyed,—suppose me hastening to the
 “ tomb, and that in my way thither,—I meet
 “ one whose lovely form I have been used
 “ to reverence,—whose more lovely heart
 “ I have been used to adore :—this
 “ excellent being stops me on the road,—
 “ and in a persuasive voice, which I have
 “ ever found it my highest felicity to obey,

H

“ —tells

“ —tells me,—“ live for my sake!”—won
 “ by this irresistible power,—I trace
 “ back my steps,—I return to life ;—and
 “ as I return, the favourite object of it
 “ sinks from beside me into the arms of
 “ death.—If then our pleasures slide thus
 “ suddenly from us,—if the best and most
 “ reasonable grounds of our mortal happi-
 “ ness are so very uncertain,—if friends
 “ must part,—and if the purest flame of
 “ love must be extinguished in the grave,
 “ —why will my friend call that temper
 “ of mind inconsistent and fanciful, which
 “ makes me content to bear now,—what
 “ I must inevitably suffer at some future
 “ period ;——a period which hangs upon
 “ the fragility of life.—Philemon loved
 “ Aspasia,—and she returned the virtuous
 “ passion ;—the fairest prospect of connu-
 bial

“ bial happiness was before them :—the
“ very day arrived when their union was
“ to be confirmed in the sight of heaven.
“ —But she sunk from her lover’s arms
“ into the cold embrace of death ;—and
“ the roses which were gathered to adorn
“ her bridal bed were scattered around
“ her tomb.——Lorenzo’s heart was glad
“ that the hour drew nigh when his son,
“ who had for many, many years been
“ the object of all his care and affection,
“ was to attain to manhood ;—but amid
“ the festivities of the joyful day, a fever
“ seized the hopeful youth,—and hurried
“ him away from the fondness of his doat-
“ ing parent and the expectations of an
“ admiring world.——It is long since I
“ have learned to suspect happiness ;—
“ and yet it sometimes assumes such a
“ lovely

“ lovely and winning appearance, that
 “ it is irresistible: I am led away by it,—I
 “ yield to its influence, I drink pleasure
 “ from its eye,—I gather its fairest flowers,
 “ and, weaving them into a chaplet, I place
 “ them on my brows, and I think myself
 “ immortal ;——but behold, they wither
 “ and lose their sweets,—and the morning
 “ wreath droops at noon-tide, and fades in
 “ the evening.—Absence, pain, sickness,
 “ or some of the other calamities of life,
 “ bring me to myself again ; I awake
 “ from my delirium,—I renew my suspi-
 “ cions of all human happiness,—and am
 “ content to leave the fairest prospect it
 “ can hold up before me,—for the dismal
 “ gloom of my long and last abode.——
 “ Here, my friend, I see you cast a look
 “ of pity upon me,—and ask me if every
 “ duty

“ duty is performed,—if my task of life
 “ is completely finished,—if the end of my
 “ creation is fully answered?——I did
 “ not make any such arrogant or bold
 “ assertion,—I did not tell you that I
 “ longed to die,—that I, daringly, wished
 “ to be no more,---that I arraigned the
 “ wise dispensations of Providence in
 “ continuing me here;—No,—I only
 “ said, that with my best wishes for my
 “ fellow-mortals,—and my most earnest
 “ prayers for their real honour, I could
 “ be content to leave them all, and to lay
 “ my head upon its cold pillow in the
 “ dust.

“ —You now take me by the hand, and
 “ with a look of the most tender affection,
 “ and with tears in your eyes,—you ask

“ me whether, if I can be superior to any
 “ feelings for myself,—I can forget those
 “ of my friends ?—adding withal, in a tone
 “ of the most affectionate regard,—what
 “ have we done who love you,—what have
 “ we done,---that you should be content
 “ to leave a pang in those hearts who are
 “ devoted to you ?——Alas, my friend,
 “ your goodness affects me,—but does
 “ not win me from my purpose !——For,
 “ perhaps, your heart is the only one
 “ which would melt into sorrow over my
 “ grave. Besides, we are better construct-
 “ ed for the purposes of society, than to be
 “ open to lasting impressions of violent
 “ grief;---nature relieves herself, and time
 “ compleats the cure in the most tender
 “ bosoms :—It seldom happens, that the
 “ human mind is suffered, in this world, to
 “ retain

“ retain a painful tenderness when the object
 “ of it has long been removed, and others
 “ have succeeded, perhaps, equally interest-
 “ ing, and more worthy.—Besides the ne-
 “ cessary engagements, and hourly amuse-
 “ ments;---the casual pleasures,---and cer-
 “ tain calamities of life, and of those about
 “ us, call off our memories from hovering
 “ over the tombs of the dead.—If I
 “ were to die this night,—the sun would
 “ shine as bright to-morrow as he did to-
 “ day,—the birds would sing the same
 “ morning song,---the flowers would not
 “ droop,---nor would youth stop a moment
 “ in its career of pleasure :—There might
 “ be one or two who would look grave for
 “ an hour, or, perhaps, smile less for a
 “ week ;——and you, who feel that
 “ the absent claim a sigh,---the dead a tear,
 “ might

“ might shed that tear, and sometimes look
 “ back upon those happy hours we passed
 “ together, and feel a tender sentiment
 “ arise from such a retrospect.—But your
 “ happiness could not be much interrupt-
 “ ed ; the place I filled in your heart, you
 “ would find it your interest to supply with
 “ some new object,---And I should soon
 “ begin to be but faintly remembered.—
 “ And even those tender pains which might
 “ now and then awake you into the re-
 “ membrance of me, would, instead of mi-
 “ fery, bring a soft, and melancholy plea-
 “ sure along with them.—You will now
 “ urge your last observation and tell me,—
 “ that I feel long for my friends,—and
 “ what superiority, you will ask me, do I
 “ assume, that I should possess a more last-
 “ ing tenderness for them, than they would
 “ do

“ do for me ?——Once for all,—it is not
 “ from my superior nature or disposition,
 “ that I derive these feelings, tho’ I believe,
 “ I have more soul than most people, but
 “ from my particular unconnected situati-
 “ on. having no relational calls for my af-
 “ fections, I place them on those who ca-
 “ sually offer themselves as candidates for
 “ their pigmy honours, and they receive the
 “ whole among them.——When I lose a
 “ friend, having no immediate object to
 “ whom I can transfer my regard,—it fol-
 “ lows him to his grave,—and I love his
 “ memory, and his shade better than I do
 “ most who survive him.

“ —Once more you desire to question
 “ me and to bind me down to this world,
 “ by leading me to that object which I
 “ love

“love best in it,—and asking me whether
 “I feel unconcerned at the reflection
 “that I may see that object no more.—It
 “would cost me a pang of a most severe
 “nature I must confess ;—but the pang,
 “being momentary, would soon be over,
 “and I should be at rest.—You will add,
 “perhaps, that she may soon forget me,
 “and bestow her affections on another,
 “and remember my fond and faithful
 “passion no more ;—nay my portrait
 “which I tied about her neck with my
 “own hands, and which she promised,
 “should remain there for ever,—may
 “be thrown aside for another, whose
 “worth and whose passion is not the tythe
 “of mine ; nay, it may be entirely oblite-
 “rated to gratify him ;—and the only re-
 “presentation of my person,—the sole
 “remaining

“ remaining token of my affection,—may
 “ be sacrificed,——nay, may be treated
 “ with indignity,—as a proof of her
 “ attachment to another.—Alas,—my
 “ friend, e’er this picture can be realized,
 “ —my eye will be closed for ever,—and
 “ my ear will hear no more.—The
 “ green sod will lie upon my breast,—then
 “ insensible to the biting pangs of jealousy,
 “ and the torments of a successful and dis-
 “ appointed passion.---Besides, my friend,
 “ may she forget me!—She cannot,—she
 “ dare not treat my name or any resem-
 “ blance of me with scorn and indignity.
 “ —If she does,—her nature must be so
 “ debased, and her whole heart must be so
 “ corrupted, that it will not be her wish to
 “ remember one whose friendship, from its
 “ purity and sincerity, was an honour to
 “ her

“ her, when she deserved it,---and will
 “ reflect a disgrace indeed when she is
 “ conscious that she deserves it no more.
 “ ---But again, I declare, may she forget
 “ me!—for to forget me she must be
 “ happy indeed.---If my love,---my fide-
 “ lity, my anxiety to please, can be for-
 “ gotten;—a superior love,—a more strict
 “ fidelity,—a greater anxiety to please can
 “ alone obliterate them;—and if she
 “ meets with such,—may I be forgotten.
 “ ——— But if sorrow should overtake
 “ her;—if she should ever want a friend
 “ into whose bosom she would wish to
 “ pour her complaints,—then will she
 “ think of me,—then she will repair to my
 “ grave and sit down beside it and weep there-
 “ ——— and when she wants an arm where-
 “ on to lean her feeble frame,—she will
 “ sigh

“ sigh and lament that mine is mouldered
 “ into dust.—but may she never know a
 “ sufficient degree of misery to make her
 “ remember me;—and may she experience
 “ such a constant flow of happiness as to
 “ forget that I ever existed!——You will
 “ tell me that these are fine, heroical sen-
 “ timents,—which may play for an hour
 “ upon the fancy,—but that they never
 “ existed in nature:—then, ‘Sir,—I am
 “ supernatural,—for they exist in me:—
 “ I feel them at this moment;—and if
 “ death himself was at my door, I should
 “ make the same declaration,—tho’ it were
 “ to be my last.

“ Indeed I must own myself in some de-
 “ gree affected by this last suggestion of
 “ yours, not on my own account, but for
 “ the

“ the sake of that lovely being whose idea
 “ is connected with it.—If I know her
 “ aright, it is impossible your picture of
 “ what may happen can ever happen!—
 “ But, if I should be deceived,----and all
 “ that you conjecture should prove a re-
 “ ality, I had rather die than behold it :—
 “ so that instead of diminishing my indiffe-
 “ rence about life,---you have in reality
 “ added another reason why I should be
 “ contented to die.—The pain of parting
 “ with her for ever would be extasy, in
 “ comparifon with that of living to fee her
 “ depart from the excellence of her na-
 “ ture, and that delightful path of virtue in
 “ which I have feen her tread, till I thought
 “ her an Angel.

“ —If

“ —If she should fall,---may Heaven,
 “ in its mercy, grant that before that day,
 “ the fable curtain of fate may be dropped
 “ between her and me, and separate us
 “ for ever!

“ —After this picture of my heart,
 “ which I have presented before you,—
 “ after these fair and honest assertions
 “ which I have made from my soul,—
 “ you may believe me when I say that, this
 “ very night, I should be content to rest
 “ my head upon the cold pillow of the
 “ grave.——And when you come to
 “ reflect upon the reasons I have given
 “ you as the grounds of such a content-
 “ ment,——strengthened and exalted by
 “ my future hopes,---you will not suppose
 me

“ me visionary or fantastical,---but a philosopher and a christian.”---

---Here he paused,---and, as I took my leave, I repeated Cicero’s declaration, ——— that amidst all his afflictions for the death of his daughter Julia, he found infinite comfort in discovering how many fine things might be said upon it.

The

The Fragment.

* * * * *

—Split me, said Florio, but that's an enchanting creature !

—Do you mean the lady who is, this moment, come from the Cathedral ?

—I do.—She has been, I suppose, to pray for an husband !

—How that may be, I cannot tell ;—for she has had one already.—She is a Widow.

I

A Widow ?

A Widow ?—Oh then she has been to pray for another,—and may the pretty little rogue be married within these ten days! —That is all the harm I wish her.

—It is a strange habit, Florio, that infects you young flashy men, of determining at once upon female characters, without knowing any thing of the matter.—The instant you see a woman, you begin to interpret, or, I should rather say, to misinterpret her every look, gesture and action ; and, perhaps, from the most casual glance of her, pronounce the particulars of her character and dispositions :—and from such fashionable determinations, reason and justice too often make their appeals in vain.—To trace external actions and appearances, my friend, to their
real

real source in the feelings and dispositions of the mind, is a power which few possess, and can be acquired but by much commerce with the world and very deep reflection.—Few, very few indeed, are competent judges in the most difficult of all sciences,—the knowledge of the human heart.—Its deceitfulness, mutability and variety; together with its prejudices and partialities, all combine to render it extremely difficult to attain a decisive knowledge of it.—If this be true;—your random, hasty decisions must be always vague, and oftentimes false:—but this is not all;—for an idle remark of a thoughtless, vain, young man, has sometimes fixed a stain upon a female character which an whole life has not been able entirely to obliterate.—Besides, these imprudent,

rash observations are generally made at an age, when, from a knowledge of the most abandoned of the sex, you are disposed to form your ideas of those who are the greatest honour to it.—Young women should be informed that *Gazers are not always Admirers*.—That the generality of those applausive addresses which are apt to sink so deep into their hearts, slide without thought off the tongue of the flatterer, who, considering them, as matters of course, forgets them in a moment:---and that those whispers which female vanity is so disposed to interpret as tributes to its beauty,--would, instead of the glow of pride, beget the blush of shame, if they were interpreted aright.

---Very

—Very sententious, indeed, my good friend, said Florio, very moral,—very good advice.—I think you had better step into the church and mount the pulpit, and teach the young women dulness and vulgarity.—But, by all that's charming, here she comes :—On purpose, I warrant you, for us to look at her.—

—You little think, perhaps, that in assigning such motives for that lady's actions,—you give a most genuine picture of your own insufferable vanity.

—She's a most heavenly creature!--Did I say it loud enough for her to hear me?—I hope she heard me!

—And wherefore?

L 3

—Oh,

—Oh,—it would please the pretty thing;
and be something to employ her thoughts
the rest of the day.—I love to make the
little Angels happy, such a fine girl as——.

—I tell you she is a widow.

—*Tant mieux*—All widows I have ever
known——

——May have been of a coquet-
tish disposition:—perhaps, if they had
possessed a superior character, you would
not have been honoured with their ac-
quaintance.

—What!—are not all widows alike?

——In the name of wonder, how many
species are there of this kind of animal?—

—There

—There are good and bad of all ranks and situations ;—and, I fear, If I was to take the whole company of widows which there are in the world,—I should be obliged to range them under several distinct and separate classes,—but, as you seem to be unsettled in your principles upon this important subject, I will give you my sentiments of the matter.

A widow is a woman, who, having been freed from the restraint of a single life by matrimony, is delivered from the shackles of a married life by the death of her husband.

—Thrice happy being!—who canst obey the call of pleasure without following the train of a chaprone ;—who canst
open

open thy doors to the flatterer and the beau without scandal ;—who, at the same moment, mayest enjoy all the freedom of the married life, and receive all the homage of the virgin state !

—Of widows there are two kinds!—

1. Those who did love their husbands ;
—or appeared to love them.

2. Those who did not ;—and made no secret of it.

—The first is an amiable, consistent character ;—she loved her husband while he lived,—and she reveres his memory now he is no more.—Her affection dwells continually upon his goodness and his virtues,—

tues,—and exercises its best powers in teaching her offspring to follow the steps of honour wherein their father trod before them : this is her happiness, and she is content with the share of it Heaven has allotted her;—nor does she look forwards with the hopes of encreasing it by any future connections.

——This is the rational widow !——

—If I had described this character in verse, I should have compared her to an honeysuckle which continues to blow 'round the trunk of an oak, which has long been withered.---

2dly---Of the widows who did not love their husbands, there are two distinct species.——

The

The first is that lady who, having been disappointed of the happiness and comfort which she expected from matrimony in her past connection, is continually looking forwards to obtain that happiness and comfort in another alliance.

—This is the longing, or expecting, or wishing widow ?

—The second is a lady, who, now and then, thought she loved her husband;—or did not well know whether she loved him or not: and, tho' she has her wishes and expectations, does not, always, know what they are, or where to direct them: and is continually changing their form and colour by the powers of her own lively and changeful fancy.—

---This

—This is the whimsical widow.

—And I, really, believe, that under the characters of the rational, the wishing, and the whimsical widow, as I have defined them, you might rank every widow under the moon.—

—I have a very particular and sufficient reason for not using the word *fun* as the last word of the last sentence.

—The characters of the wishing and the whimsical widows will admit of an infinite number of divisions and subdivisions.—The subject is pregnant with uncommon variety,—but where is the imagination whose flight is so powerful as to follow the wishes of the wishing widow, or the whims
of

of the whimsical widow.—Besides, I am only endeavouring to give you a sketch of my chapter upon widows, reserving the chapter itself for some future period; when, perhaps, I may give it to the world.

—I am, at this moment, acquainted with the most whimsical widow, fancy was ever godmother to.—There is not a hair of her head which has not a whim in it,—she is the very soul of whim.—There was,---ah!---there was a time in my life, when I should have been well-pleased to have roused all her fancies from their hiding places, hunted them through the infinite turnings and windings of her little brain, 'till panting and breathless, they implored my mercy—for their innocence sake.

---But

—But now the time is past, and I seldom amuse myself with any one's fancies but my own.

—Faith, said Florio, you seem to have a sufficient number of them to keep you in constant employment, but do proceed on your lecture.

---I mean to do so, with your permission; and as you honour my observations with the title of lecture, I will endeavour to arrange the few I have to make in that form, and call them a lecture upon widows' hearts.---

The rational widow's heart is, generally, of a pale, purple colour, and its contents are congealed tears: sometimes when affection
in

in a tender mood, touches it with its magic wand, it becomes red for a short time; when the congealed tears dissolve and occasion weeping.

---The wishing widow's heart is red as a cherry, and is always distended to its utmost power.---It is brim-ful of wishes which are continually flying out at every aperture of it, while an whole army of the same are waiting to supply their places;---sometimes the parties which are flying out contend most furiously with those that are flying in;---which, as it puts the whole in a flame, occasions heart-burnings; and these are frequently succeeded by a paleness of countenance and dejection of spirits.

The

The Parting.

A Fortnight, I believe, has passed away since I was surpris'd and delighted with the receipt of the following Letter.

London.

“ I have been making a thousand enquiries after you for this month past ;
 “ and was at last indebted to an happy
 “ chance for the information that you
 “ were in the neighbourhood of *Bristol*.—
 “ I wished much to write to you, and
 “ more to see you ;---and I indulge myself,
 “ at this time, in the one, that I may receive a more compleat gratification in
 “ the other. :—This is therefore, in the
 “ first

“ first place, to accuse you of your unmer-
 “ ciful neglect of your friends; for I have
 “ not received a single line from you these
 “ nine months; and you know that I love
 “ you well enough for one line to content
 “ me :—and, in the next place, to hope
 “ that you will not, for the time to come, be
 “ so inattentive to your epistolary engage-
 “ ments:—because, if that should be the
 “ case, we shall, I fear, be as it were, dead
 “ to each other.

—“ I have been presented to a living of
 “ very considerable value in *Ireland*, where
 “ I am now going to fix my residence for the
 “ rest of my life.—You know that I have
 “ some very near and dear connections in
 “ that kingdom;—and I am now about to
 “ encrease them by a marriage in which my

K

“ own

“ own choice is confirmed and justified by the
 “ universal approbation of others. Indeed,
 “ I have a most pleasing prospect before me!
 “ my income will be more than adequate to
 “ my wants;—My living is in a most beau-
 “ tiful country, the Parsonage house is truly
 “ comfortable,—the garden is large and
 “ pleasant,—and a transparent river, which
 “ divides it from the most beautiful meadows
 “ in the world, washes the borders of it.—
 “ But above all, the fair creature whom hea-
 “ ven has granted, in its mercy, to share
 “ these various blessings with me, is adorned
 “ with every pleasing accomplishment, and
 “ possessed of virtues, which, I fear, the
 “ study and attention of the longest life will
 “ not qualify me to deserve.—With all
 “ these means of comfort and happiness, I
 “ must acknowledge, and Cleora will forgive
 “ me

“ me when I declare, that the presence of
 “ my friend will always add new joy to the
 “ joyful, and make even the days of the
 “ happy much happier.—

“ —This little history of myself has
 “ led me from the principal design of this
 “ letter ;—but I shall not offend you with
 “ an apology; because, if you are not
 “ strangely altered from what I have ever
 “ known you, this little sketch of my hap-
 “ piness will add much to yours.

“ For some years past I have seen but
 “ little of you, and heard but very seldom
 “ from you, I have been, like yourself,
 “ a citizen of the world, and was forced to
 “ be content with a casual and transitory
 “ sight of you, and satisfied with an occasi-

“ onal letter from you:—but, as I
 “ am about to have a permanent and last-
 “ ing settlement, I shall not be so easy and
 “ silent concerning you.—I am now
 “ master of a plentiful fortune, and shall
 “ soon, I trust, be possessed of all the com-
 “ forts which it will purchase; and some
 “ which the greatest fortune cannot always
 “ command.—Come then, my friend,
 “ and enjoy them with me!—you shall
 “ form my bowers,—dispose my walks and
 “ plant my trees, and I will owe the orna-
 “ ments and decorations of my little
 “ domain to you:—and, when you are
 “ fatigued with your labours, we will read
 “ together in the shade.—Cleora too, shall
 “ ever smile upon her husband’s friend! In
 “ the spring she shall adorn your apartment
 “ with flowers;—in the summer she shall
 “ gather

“ gather for you the best fruits of her
 “ garden, and prepare with her own hands
 “ for your breakfast and your supper, the
 “ little luxuries which her dairy will afford ;
 “ and in the winter evenings, the Harpsi-
 “ chord and her voice, which is exceeding
 “ tuneful, shall charm and delight you :
 “ and you, in return, shall be a Mentor
 “ to us both.

“ —I design to leave *London* in a few
 “ days for *Chester* ;—and tho’ it will be an
 “ hundred miles out of my way, I am re-
 “ solved to pass through *Bristol* to see you.
 “ —I write this therefore to prepare you
 “ for my arrival, and to beseech you not
 “ to wander out of the way; because it will
 “ be impossible for me to stay more than
 “ one night with you;—when I mean to

“ press upon you in person, with all the lit-
 “ tle eloquence I possess, to accept my most
 “ sincere invitation to pass your whole life,
 “ if you please, or any portion of it, with
 “ me.

—“ Settled as I hope very soon to be, I
 “ have not the least reason to believe that
 “ I shall ever return to *England* any more:
 “ —if, therefore, you should not do me the
 “ kindness to make me a visit in *Ireland*,
 “ we shall only meet once more, never in
 “ this world to meet again, and our next
 “ adieu will be an adieu for ever.——

—“ But I look for better things.---In
 “ about ten days I hope to embrace you;--
 “ to which time I shall refer the many,
 “ many things I have to say to you.——

“ ’till

“ ’till then farewell ;—and believe me with
 “ the greatest truth,
 your ever affectionate &c.”

My Friend soon followed his letter.—
 within a few days after I received it, he
 arrived.—We embraced and were silent.
 —When the warm glow of mutual satis-
 faction was a little softened, and we began
 to discourse, he, in the most pressing man-
 ner, repeated the invitation of his letter,
 —I did not refuse, nor did I accept it ;—
 but left the matter open to be rejected or re-
 ceived as future events and circumstances
 might determine.—And now, said he, do
 not let this evening, which I have conse-
 crated to the purposes of friendship, be in-
 terrupted. This evening may be the last
 we may pass together ; and let it be worthy
 the

the occasion and ourselves. It is the common method, continued he, and a strange one it is, to make the separation of friends an occasion for convivial entertainments. These times are, in general, times of celebration, and dinners and suppers are prepared, as if we were to eat and drink our adieus instead of telling and feeling them. At this time of the year, he added, I prefer travelling by night ; I shall therefore order my chaise to be ready for me at twelve o'clock : It is now six, said he, looking at his watch, and let us pass the intervening time as if we loved each other.—I made some opposition to this violent haste and hurry, and proposed the respite only of a few hours : but he was inflexible. Indeed, added he, if there should be any ship ready to sail from this
 port

port to *Corke*, I will change my course, and take that opportunity of going to *Ireland*.—I immediately gave orders for a proper enquiry to be made; and when a messenger was dispatched for this purpose, we both rose, as it were, by a sympathetic impulse, and walked forth.—My friend turned to the right when he got out of the house, and I followed him.—The meadows, said he, on the other side of the river, look most inviting and beautiful;—so we crossed the water, and soon found ourselves embowered in the groves and thickets which adorn them.—Here we sauntered along and talked of the days that were gone and over, and of the many pleasant hours we had formerly passed together, 'till our hearts melted with the story.—And much we talked of love,—and much of friendship.

---The

—The sorrows of life as well as its joys and comforts became, also, the subject of our discourse.—We viewed the continual rotation of fickle fortune's wheel, and saw it bear its thousands to alternate disgrace and exaltation.—Sometimes we sat upon a stile, and sometimes we leaned against a tree, and spoke the language of the heart.—And thus we continued 'till the sun had sunk behind the hills, and the moon held forth her pale lamp to nature.

—Oh! it was a glorious evening!—and will more than repay me for the long, long solitary winter of gloom and darkness which is to succeed it!—The memory of its pleasures will make my dim taper bright,—and dart new warmth from the faggot which crackles upon my hearth.

—'Tis

—'Tis this,—which will cast a warm mantle of comfort over me, when the wind rattles in the lattice,—and the flaky snow rests upon my thatch.—

We now returned home, and were informed that a ship, bound for *Corke*, would fall down to *King-road* with the next tide.—The following morning I attended him to the vessel :——We embraced as he entered it ;---and I remained upon the Quay, and watched it, 'till it was towed out of the harbour.—I then mounted my horse and rode to the corner of *Durdham-down*, which overlooks the river ;—and as the ship passed beneath me, I waved my handkerchief to my friend, and he saw me; and kissing both his hands to me, he returned the signal again and again. I
then

then pursued my ride to *King's-Weston*, where I eat a comfortless meal and continued to watch the vessel.—It had now reached *King-Road*: and, with the assistance of a Telescope, I saw it dancing upon the waves,—and scudding swiftly before the wind.—I could have shed tears,—but that false pride, which so often stands between us and our best feelings, prevented me.—

It may be, perhaps, the weakness of my nature,—but so it is,—that my heart is very susceptible of tender impressions; and I have experienced so much pain from the attachments of life, that I have almost made a resolution, as the very few, which I possess, fall off,---to elect no more to succeed them.

—Even

——Even at this moment, when my pen hastens to the last page of this little volume, I am seriously affected with the consideration; and, involuntarily, look forwards, with an awful expectation, to that solemn and, perhaps, approaching period, when time will date the last page of my life, and write my name in the registry of death.—

How it was, I know not, but I was never so disposed to receive melancholy impressions as on this occasion:—I have often parted with those I loved and have never, I trust, been insensible to tenderness on those occasions:—but I was now affected with a concern which I have seldom experienced.——It was a real heart-ach,---and I could hardly sustain it.

—But

—But if I suffer this violent affliction when I part with a friend whom I may see again;—of whom, at least, I may receive frequent intelligence; and who, as in this instance, is gone from me to possess a thousand comforts which solicit him to enjoyment,——

——How shall I meet that dreadful moment, when, as I lay weak and languid upon my dying bed, Amanda stealing into my chamber, shall gently open the curtains and present her dear form before me!—and when, with a pale face and streaming eyes; with an air of desolation and a look of inexpressive tenderness and anguish, she shall strive to speak, but strive in vain;—How shall I be able to wave my hand, as a signal to bid her depart,---
and

and not arrest my thoughts in their passage to Heaven !

Or if it is decreed by the Great Arbiter of human allotments, that I should survive thee ;---how, Amanda, shall I support those fearful moments, when I draw nigh to take my last look of thee as thou layest in thy coffin ; and, having put the flowers into thy cold hands, I bend down to kiss thy pale, senseless lips, and bid thee an eternal adieu !

All-gracious power !—that canst make firm the feeble knees, and give strength to the drooping spirits ;---if I am doomed to meet this trying hour,—Oh strengthen me !—sustain me !

——Have mercy upon me !——

F I N I S.

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